

JUN IN HER FACE, TAKES BILLS OUT OF WOMAN'S BED

Mrs. Cohan Identifies Man
Arrested as the Fellow She
Watched Work.

FORGOT CHLOROFORM.

Dreamed Thief Was in Her
Room, and on Opening
Eyes Sees One.

Mrs. Annie Cohan, of No. 310 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, to-day identified a man who said he was John Campbell, twenty-two years old, as a burglar who held a pistol to her head and robbed her of \$15 which she had concealed under her pillow. Campbell said he lived at No. 2006 Atlantic avenue. He was arrested last night by Police-man Chaffee, fifteen hours after the robbery, and locked up in the Brownsville police station.

Saw Him Take Money.
Mrs. Cohan lay quietly and saw the fellow take the money and, in the light that came from the lowered gas, saw him slowly from the bedroom. He had packed silverware and other property in a big parcel in the dining-room. He had completed this work while Mrs. Cohan and other members of the family were sleeping and there was no fear of molestation. He had found it unnecessary to use a bottle of chloroform which was found after he had left the premises.

It was while he was packing a bureau for jewelry that Mrs. Cohan, who had dreamed that a burglar was in her bedroom with a big pistol pointed at her head, happened to awake with a start to find that the dream was a reality.

The burglar heard her move and with a quick turn stepped over to the frightened woman. He, too, was frightened. That was what made Mrs. Cohan more frightened, for she had heard that a woman with a gun is a dangerous man. The burglar had a pistol. He had a blue handkerchief tied over the lower part of his face, but it fell away at one time and she got a glimpse of his face.

Threatens to Shoot.
"Don't yell or do anything or I'll shoot you, sure," the burglar said, clapping his rough hand over the young woman's mouth.

The burglar noticed Mrs. Cohan's hand slipping toward the under side of the pillow.

"Be still," he said, and, slipping his hand under the pillow, he brought out a small roll of bills.

Again warning Mrs. Cohan he would kill her if she attempted to cry out, he backed slowly from the bedroom toward the bundle of silverware in the dining-room. As he disappeared from her sight, Mrs. Cohan jumped from her bed and shrieked. Without waiting for the bundle, the burglar flung himself from a rear window to the ground, ten feet. He had entered through the window, and left it open for a quick exit.

ACTRESS TRIES TO

SHIELD "A LADY"

Forced to Admit It Was Miss
Redcliffe, and Mrs. Wirth
Gets Divorce.

Mrs. Cornelia Wirth was to-day granted a decree of absolute divorce from Louis F. Wirth, an actor, on account of his misconduct at the Clarence Hotel, Grand Rapids, Mich., with Daisy Redcliffe, a member of the company in which both were playing in October, 1903. Mrs. Wirth did not ask for alimony.

Miss Jessie G. Sharp, who was also a member of the company, was the principal witness for Mrs. Wirth. She told how, when the company was at the Grand Rapids, she went to the room of "a lady" to borrow a book.

"What was the name of that lady?" Miss Sharp was asked.

"I quite forgot," she said. "I can't think of her name now. She was one of the ladies of the company."

Miss Sharp then said she went to the door of the room and knocked. A voice asked who was there, and on her saying it was Miss Sharp, another voice said:

"Let her in; she is all right."

Miss Sharp, "and there I saw Wirth and the young woman. Wirth said 'good morning' and asked me if I would order breakfast for them, which I did."

Miss Sharp was asked if the young woman who was with Wirth was known as Daisy Redcliffe, and she said she was. Justice Brady granted Mrs. Wirth her decree.

The Tenants

know it and the landlords realize it. 17,010 Houses, Rooms and Apartments printed in "World Wants" last month—2,492 more than same month last year and 2,693 more than any other TWO New York morning newspapers together.

"Soul Kiss" Is Now Here, Direct from Neptune; Seeress Who Discovered It Sounds Its Praises

Vesta La Viesta Asserts that Psychic
Smack Is Not Cooled by Long
Journey Through Space.

BEATS THE PIAZZA VARIETY.

More Satisfying and Has a Billowy Ecstasy
All Its Own That Thrills the
Solar Plexus, She Says.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



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Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"WOULD you mind coming back in fifteen minutes?" said Vesta La Viesta, exponent of the latest osculatory fashion, the soul kiss; "at present I am giving a lesson to a gentleman."

Through a studio door in the Broadway Arcade, propped decorously ajar, I observed a stiff-jointed young man of thirty or so seated on the edge of his chair, much interest and some alarm written on his candid countenance. From his appearance I decided that a soul kiss must be decidedly less lurid and disturbing than the common or piazza variety known to Vesta La Viesta as a sense kiss. But when I returned later the seeress assured me this was far from being the case.

"Compared with the ecstasy of a soul kiss," she declared emphatically, "the sense kiss is the merest zephyr. The sense kiss is not satisfying. There is something wanting in it. But when I exchange soul kisses with my affinity in the planet Neptune I close the doors, throw myself on a couch, my soul goes out from my body to meet him, and I experience a billowy ecstasy."

EXECUTES A PSYCHIC HOOCHEE-COOCHIE.

Here Vesta La Viesta, who is billowy at best, threw up her plump arms, shut her eyes and executed a sort of psychic hoochie-coochie.

"That is the way I feel," she concluded dramatically.

"And I understand you have classes in which you teach the soul kiss?"

"Yes," replied the seeress. "The complete course of instruction is \$300."

"You teach both men and women?"

"Oh, yes; there are both in my class," she replied. "A seeress recognizes no sex. She is both man and woman herself."

"Then you claim to be a Mahatma?" I asked.

"In India I might be called a Mahatma," she replied, "but as we are in America, I call myself a seer. My soul name, Vesta La Viesta," she expounded, "means goddest (sic) of all seers."

"By goddest you mean most godlike?" I interrupted.

"Yes," she acquiesced, and thereby spoiled a theory I had formed, for Vesta being the name of a Roman goddess opposed to all kisses, whether of the soul or sense, I had surmised that the seeress's second name was merely the first with a kink put in it—perhaps by the soul kisses.

"How do you teach this soul kiss?" I ventured, "and how long does it take to learn?"

"The soul kiss," Vesta La Viesta expounded, "must be exchanged by two ripened souls. My course is metaphysical and ripens the soul. The seat of the soul is the solar plexus."

Then I remarked when I had gotten my breath after this remarkable statement: "If Corbett had had a ripened soul Fitzsimmons's solar plexus blow would not have knocked him."

"It would not," replied Vesta La Viesta.

SHE DISCUSSES QUEENSBERRYOTICS.

"And psychic exercises for the development of the solar plexus should be part of every prize-fighter's training."

"They might do him good," the seeress answered; "but, of course, as soon as his soul was ripe he would not wish to fight with his fists."

"The soul kiss is not for such unripened souls so much as for artists, writers and musicians who feel the need of it. Musicians especially need the soul kiss. It gives life and 'zip' to their work. Also they receive it easily, for they know how to breathe, and deep breathing develops the soul and is part of the course for experiencing the soul kiss."

"Have you ever felt what you call a sense kiss?" I asked.

"Somewhere back in my childhood I may have," replied the seeress, uncertainly.

"Were you ever married?"

"Oh, yes, in my childhood. But I have outgrown that. Marriage is for the unsophisticated. Ripened souls prefer soul communion, soul kisses."

UNRIPENED SOULS CAUSE CRIME WAVE.

"The present newspaper horrors," elucidated Vesta La Viesta, taking a sudden dip in the crime wave, "are due to unripened souls. In fact all the crimes in the world are due to them."

"Is there such a thing as an over-ripe soul?" I asked.

"A ripened soul," continued the seeress, ignoring my flippant inquiry, "triumphs over age. I have passed the half-mile stone of life, and yet I don't look it. When I am animated I look like a girl of twenty, and I have a radiance that no very young woman can ever possess. Young women are unripened fruit," she added.

"Suppose at the time your soul should float into space to receive a kiss from your psychic lover in Neptune," I asked, feeling as much like a green apple as possible. "Another woman's soul should be awaiting a soul kiss from her affinity to Mars and suppose the soul kisses should get mixed up?" I persisted.

"Error cannot creep into the soul kiss," rejoined Vesta La Viesta. "Two souls attuned cannot miss each other. That is the great advantage of the soul kiss over every other variety," she ended.

Fitchard made the address of welcome.

The Judge spoke of distinguished men who were stenographers, mentioning Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou, Walter D. Hines, of New York, chief counsel of the Santa Fe, and others.

The responses were by Kendrick Hill, assistant postmaster of Trenton, N. J., formerly secretary to Cornelius Elias, and Charles H. Reque, of Brooklyn, President of the New York State Stenographers' Association.

Miss Rose L. Fritz, of Brooklyn, champion stenographer of the world, gave an exhibition and wrote blindfolded 300 words in a little more than one minute.

MRS. LOGAN'S GIFT.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7.—Mrs. John A. Logan has shipped to Springfield, Ill., the splendid memorial collection of souvenirs of Gen. Logan and her son, Major Logan, thirty cases, a gift to the State.

FAST SHORTHAND BY

BROOKLYN GIRL

Writes 250 Words in About a

Minute Blindfolded at

Exhibition.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Aug. 7.—The National Shorthand Reporters' Association of America opened its ninth annual meeting here to-day, President Ben Pittman, aged eighty-six, presiding. In the absence of Gov. Glenn, Judge John C.

St. Michael, Quebec, Aug. 7.—Hundreds of people have been out in boats and steam launches all day in the heavy fog drifting for the bodies of Sir William Hingston, the great Irish surgeon, and his wife, Miss Ellen Hingston, daughter of the late Sir William Hingston, the great Irish surgeon. No trace of the bodies has been found.

This morning a new search will be made with the aid of the Government launch crew of Montreal.

NO TRACE OF BOAT COUPLE.

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HERE IS VESTA LA VIESTA'S

DESCRIPTION OF A SOUL KISS.

And he kissed me,
And kissed me,
In that gentle way,
Till the magic thrills,
One after another:

Opened wide all the closed up avenues of my soul,
And in a delirium of ecstatic joy
My being heaved and heaved, like the billows of an ocean roused
from its rest,
As if the elements had loosened their festive whirlwinds in a game
of life and death;

O love! O joy!
Immortal bliss!
This was a kiss!

Scientist Explains

Love at First Sight

In Large Language

Says It's a Cerebral Commotion Hitherto

Dormant Stirred by Affinitive

Impression.

Love at first sight, scientifically analyzed, is an automatic operation of the brain.

First, there is cerebral commotion, which primes the victim for the attack.

He or she is now ready for the appearance of "an appropriate affinitive impression." In the form of a person of the opposite sex, and when that person hits the scene love comes like a flash.

All this was explained by Dr. Sir James Churchton-Brown, at the Second International Congress of School Hygiene now in session in London.

The victim of love at first sight, according to Sir James, is hardly responsible for his feeling. He cannot head off the cerebral commotion or love storm—any more than a camera can prevent itself from being made ready to take a picture. And then when the correct affinitive happens along the scene is as helpless as the kodak—the impression is bound to be made.

Sir James seemed to believe that instantaneous love is about as reliable as the time-exposure brand. The cerebral commotion is in no danger of acting by caprice, because any impression, no matter how slight, will glide by without having the slightest effect.

In the case of prolonged courtship a young man and young woman may mislead themselves into imagining they are in love. Not so when the machinery of the brain does the job for them.

Suit, Sir James appeared to see that other causes which he has not yet catalogued might enter into the transaction. He gave the two scientific causes of first-sight love as "practically" the only ones necessary.

The Doctor delivered himself of a fund of information concerning the brain, as follows:

"In every brain there are broad, well-beaten highways of association that can never be abandoned or interfered with, but in every brain there are also crossways and byways that can be converted into highways or blocked up altogether, and in every brain there are territories that have not been fully opened up yet."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

AS SEEN BY SCIENCE.

Love at first sight is caused by—
First, a series of cerebral commotion.

Second, a stirring of some hitherto dormant association centres by their appropriate affinitive impression.

In other words, the victim is like a kodak—the commotion "sets" him and when the "impression" comes he's caught.

traffo, but that may be penetrated and brought into the circuit of trade.

A LUNCH

SUGGESTION

Grape-Nuts

with cream or good milk.

Add a little fruit and you can laugh at the lunch problem these hot days, and yet keep cool and well nourished.

This simple lunch will carry you the whole afternoon and leave you well fed and contented.

A fact, and easily proved by trial of

GRAPE-NUTS.

"There's a Reason"

BRIDE WANDERS FROM HUSBAND AND GETS LOST

Found Walking Along Aimlessly by Superintendent of
Municipal Lodging-House.

A young bride of a few hours was found wandering about early to-day near Twenty-first street and First avenue. Considerable mystery surrounds the case. A marriage certificate she carried showed that she is Mrs. Sigmund Weber, but thus far no missing bride has been reported to the police.

John W. Leslie, night superintendent of the Municipal Lodging-House, was eating lunch when he glanced out of the window and saw a pretty, innocent-looking girl outside, apparently bewildered and in a quandary as to which way to turn. A glance sufficed to convince him that she was not the character of woman usually seen on the streets alone at that hour, and he sent Special Policeman Backman, of the lodging-house, to bring her in.

Was Married Monday.
She seemed eager to talk, but no one could understand her. She couldn't speak English or German. A Pole across the street was called and found that she was a Polish girl. She told him that she was until Monday night Ulya Teritzky. She was married then to Sigmund Weber, a blacksmith, whose address she gave as No. 617 East One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street.

She came to this country four months ago, she said, and the man she married was a brother to her sister's husband. The marriage certificate showed that the Rev. G. H. Todd, of No. 63 Park street, was the officiating minister. She said she and her husband dined with her sister.

For some reason that she seemed unable to explain, she left home early yesterday to work in an establishment on Fourteenth street, near Third avenue. Her duties kept her until 10 o'clock last night, and she then started home.

According to the story she told to the interpreter, she got lost, and finding no one able to understand her, walked along aimlessly until taken into the municipal lodging-house.

The Rev. Mr. Todd was roused from bed. He said that he recalled the marriage Monday night, and that the description of the bride suited the woman. The address given him, however, as he recalled it, was No. 206 Avenue B, which the police say does not exist.

Sergeant Kelly, of the Information Bureau at Police Headquarters, has made every effort to locate the bridegroom, but without success.

It is regarded by the police as strange that the woman should have married a man evidently German, and that she should have to seek work within a few hours of becoming a bride.

It is also unusual that a bride should have been lost so long without some inquiry being made by the husband. It is possible that she may have been mistaken in the address she gave, however.

She was given lodging at the municipal lodging-house, and the police today are trying to find her husband or friends.

SAYS COP PINCHED HER

AND NEARLY GOT PINCHED

Girl Withdraws Accusation Made

in "L" Car and Escapes Arrest.

Police Lieut. Downey, of the West Forty-seventh Street Station, was riding to his home in the Bronx on a crowded Third avenue "L" train last night when an angular young woman who sat beside him snarled:

"You stop pinching me. What do you mean?"

Downey says he thought of his wife and children at home, so looking at his accuser, he said with the information:

"Madame, I didn't pinch you. You are mistaken."

"You did, you scoundrel! I'll have you arrested," she retorted.

All the passengers in the car were gazing at Downey. He got all-patient and said:

"Madame, if you say anything more I'll pinch you in reality," and he displayed his shield. The woman subsided.

MISS EDDY BRIDE OF SENATOR BEVERIDGE

Americans Have Double
Wedding Ceremony in
the German Capital

BERLIN, Aug. 7.—Miss Katharine Eddy, of Chicago, sister of Spencer P. Eddy, First Secretary of the American Embassy here, and Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, were married here to-day.

The civil rite, according to the German requirements, took place in the registrar's office at noon, and the religious ceremony, which occurred half an hour later, was American in character, technically within American jurisdiction, was performed by the Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Hall, Professor of Theology at the Union Theological Seminary, formerly pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago.

E. L. McMain, of Greenfield, O., a cousin of Senator Beveridge, and J. C. Schaffer, of Chicago, were the witnesses at the civil marriage. Senator William D. Dillingham, of Vermont, was the best man.

Both services were of the most simple character, only relatives and a few intimate friends being present. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Augustus N. Eddy, parents of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. Spencer P. Eddy, Commander W. J. Howard, the United States Naval Attaché, and Mrs. Howard; Col. J. P. Wisner, the Military Attaché; Basil Miles, Secretary of the American Embassy at Vienna; N. S. Shaughtnessy, Third Secretary of the Embassy here; Consul-General A. M. Thuekara and Mrs. Thuekara, Mrs. and Miss Birch, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Schaffer, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. McMain; Miss McMain, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hall and Mr. and Mrs. Munn.

SAYS WIFE WAS KNOCKED

DOWN AND ROBBED IN HOME.

Charles Bickell Reports a Strange

Case to the Police of

Newark.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 6.—Charles Bickell, of No. 213 Washington avenue, told the police to-day that his wife was attacked and knocked senseless on returning home last Monday night, and that \$15 was stolen from her house.

Bickell said that his wife had been coming out of the house at 10 o'clock when she was struck on the head. When he got home at 1:30 o'clock yesterday morning his wife was still unconscious in the hallway. He revived her with difficulty and then took her to the police station.

The police are looking into the case. It is said that there are no indications of anyone having broken into the house.

SHOT WOMAN AND SELF.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Aug. 7.—Thomas Chapman, aged fifty years, an expert accountant, yesterday shot and mortally wounded a woman with whom he had lived for ten years, and then blew off the top of his head. Both are conscious at a hospital, but neither can recover. Chapman came from Detroit. Only yesterday it was made known that he was not married to the woman. She was Barbara Hayward, of Sacramento, Cal.

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August Clearing Sales

To-morrow (Thursday) our entire lines of

Women's, Misses', Boys' and Children's

Summer Footwear

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

\$3.00 & \$3.50 Oxford Ties

for Women at \$1.95

Made of selected leathers,

as Patent Kidskin, Glazed

Vici Kid, Imported Gun-

Metel, Calfskin and Tan

Russia Calf, in four at-

tractive styles.

\$2.00 and \$2.50 Oxford Ties

and Gibson Ties

(all leathers and all sizes in the lot)

Choice at

50c

A Pair

Value up to 1.50

1.00 & 1.50 Women's Oxfords

(odds and ends, all sizes in the lot).

1.00 & 1.25 Children's Ox-

ford (odds and ends from former sales, all sizes in the lot).